

ANIMAL

COMICS

10¢

No. 16

AUG.-SEPT.

• A DELL PUBLICATION •
DELL
• A DELL PUBLICATION •





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

MATILDA AND THE FOX



Matilda, the young speckled hen, had a mind of her own. She did not believe in anything she could not see or hear or smell or taste or feel. And she let everybody know it.

When Caesar, the big red rooster, told her about the fox that lived in the woods behind the hen house, Matilda laughed.

"I'm not falling for any goofy gag like that," she said.

Caesar strutted angrily away. When he called the rest of his flock to breakfast in the wheat field, Matilda stayed behind.

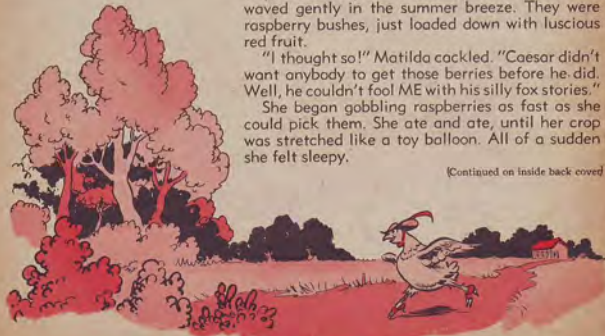
"There's something in those woods that Caesar wants for himself," she told herself. "But I'M not going to be scared away by bogey stories. I'm going to see for myself."

The woods did not look at all scary as Matilda came near them. They gave off a cool, sweet scent of pine needles, and the bushes in front of them waved gently in the summer breeze. They were raspberry bushes, just loaded down with luscious red fruit.

"I thought so!" Matilda cackled. "Caesar didn't want anybody to get those berries before he did. Well, he couldn't fool ME with his silly fox stories."

She began gobbling raspberries as fast as she could pick them. She ate and ate, until her crop was stretched like a toy balloon. All of a sudden she felt sleepy.

(Continued on inside back cover)



UNCLE WIGGILY

WELL, UNCLE BUTTER, HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS SPOT... FOR A WEEK'S VACATION?

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, UNCLE WIGGILY!



TWO WHOLE WEEKS WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT RELAX! THAT'S MY IDEA OF A PERFECT TRIP!



UNCLE WIGGILY! UNCLE BUTTER! HAVE YOU GONE TO SLEEP? BRING UP THE PILE OF STUFF IN THE CANOE.



HAND ME THE BLANKETS NEXT, UNCLE BUTTER.

I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE... TRUST NURSE JANE TO PUT FOLKS TO WORK!



HAVE WE GOT... UH... EVERYTHING?

YES... PUFF, PUFF! EVEN THE CANOE CUSHIONS.



THERE YOU ARE, NURSE JANE... ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN DO FOR YOU?

NO, THANK YOU, WIGGILY!

WE'RE GOING FOR A SWIM!



IT'S A LONG TIME TILL DINNER... LET'S SAIL AROUND THROUGH THE ISLANDS!

THAT SUITS ME.



HO-HUMMM! I GUESS WE'RE SAFE FROM DISTURBANCE OUT HERE!





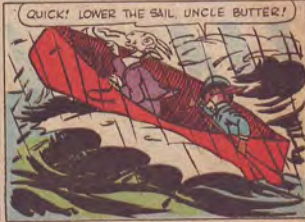
'SAILING SAILING...'



GREAT GUNS! THERE'S A RAIN SQUALL COMING THIS WAY...



...AND HERE IT IS!



QUICK! LOWER THE SAIL, UNCLE BUTTER!



IT'S FASTENED UP HERE -- I'LL UNTIE IT!



GLUB!
GLUB!



YOU LANDLUBBER... TRYING TO CLIMB THE MAST OF A CANOE! MY MOTHER NEVER RAISED ME TO BE A SAILOR!



THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO... TILL WE DRIET ASHORE ON THAT ISLAND!



ARE YOU CRAZY, WIGGLY LONGEARS? LET'S RUN BEFORE THAT ALLIGATOR WAKES UP.

THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME... AND I FEEL AN IDEA COMING.



I'VE GOT IT! OUR PROBLEM IS SOLVED, UNCLE BUTTER. I'LL USE YOU FOR BAIT!



NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I DON'T WANT TO BE BAIT FOR AN ALLIGATOR!



DON'T WORRY, UNCLE BUTTER, YOU'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH... JUST WAIT TILL I GET THE SAIL ROPE FROM THE CANOE.



HERE'S THE ROPE... NOW PICK ME TWO OF THOSE BURRS AND FIND ME TWO CROTTCHED STICKS.

BUT... BUT WHY?



WATCH NOW! I'LL FASTEN A BIG, PRICKLY BURR ONTO EACH OF THESE CROTTCHED STICKS!



...AND I HAVE A PAIR OF SPURS THAT WILL MAKE EVEN A SKILLERY SCALERY ALLIGATOR BEHAVE.



NOW, UNCLE BUTTER, IT'S YOUR TURN TO DO SOMETHING. WH - WHAT?

JUST WAKE UP THAT 'GATOR'S APPETITE!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T—

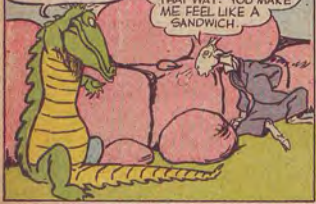


EE-YOW!



GRR-RR!

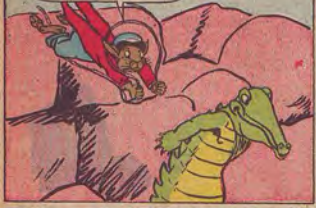
D-DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY! YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A SANDWICH.



MA-AA-AH! HELP!



COMING, BUTTER!



NOW, MR SKILLERY SCALERY ALLIGATOR--



..DO YOUR STUFF!



YIPPEE YI! YI-YI! HUMP YOURSELF!



YOU'LL BE ALL TIRED OUT BEFORE WE CATCH UP WITH UNCLE BUTTER!



PUFF PUFF

DON'T BE AFRAID UNCLE BUTTER. THE FUN IS JUST BEGINNING

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



JUST GET ON THE ALLIGATOR'S BACK, AND I'LL SHOW YOU.



WAIT A MINUTE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WE'RE GOING TO RIDE HIM HOME!



THAT'S RIGHT...GET UP BEHIND ME!



UGH!

HA, HA! YOU ALWAYS PICK THE HARD WAY, UNCLE BUTTER!



STOP! STOP HIM I'M FALLING OFF...

HOLD TIGHT TO ME, AND WE'LL MAKE A QUICK TRIP!



SPLOP!



HE'S A REGULAR SPEEDBOAT GIDDAP,
SKILLERY SCALERY!

OW! YOU'RE PRICKIN' ME!



I SEE SOMETHIN' AHEAD! IT'S A...A...



...A DUCK, ASLEEP ON THE WATER!



I SAY...WAKE UP!

ASK HIM WHERE OUR
ISLAND IS!



CAN YOU TELL US WHERE...

AWWWWWK!



ALLIGATOR!
ALLIGATOR!

WELL WIGGILY,
THAT'S THAT!



COME ON, SKILLERY
SCALERY... SHOW
SOME MORE SPEED.

I'M AFRAID HE'S
ALL IN!



HE'S OUT COLD...

AND STIFF! HEART
TROUBLE IS MY
GUESS!





I'LL LIGHT THE FIRE, UNCLE WIGGILY... YOU GO GET THE WOOD!

ALL RIGHT! I'M NOT AFRAID OF SNAKES!



BE CAREFUL NOT TO BUMP YOUR KNUCKLES WITH THAT KNIFE!



OWWW!



WHO WANTS A FIRE, ANYWAY? IT WOULD ONLY SHOW SOME BAD ANIMALS WHERE WE ARE.



UNCLE BUTTER IS CERTAINLY TAKING HIS TIME... I'VE ALMOST FINISHED BUILDING THIS CAMP.



UNCLE BUT-TER-R! HAVEN'T YOU GOT THAT FIRE LIGHTED YET?



OH, MY! A WARM COSY BED OF DRY LEAVES! WIGGILY LONGEARS, YOU'RE A WONDER!

CRAWL IN AND TRY IT!



AHH-H! THIS IS REAL COMFORT NOW MY POOR NERVES CAN RELAX AGAIN.





GILLY GOOSE

- COPYRIGHT, 1945, BY FAMOUS Studios



I'LL ENTER THE BAKING AND HAT CONTESTS! I MAKE THE BEST TURNOVERS IN GOOSEBERRY HOLLOW.



THE BEST TURNOVERS YOU EVER MADE WERE THREE SOMERSAULTS ON THE CELLAR STAIRS WITH YOUR FOOT IN A BUCKET.



OH, YOU'RE SO SMART! WHY DON'T YOU ENTER SOMETHING?

HAW, HAW—I'LL ENTER THE DOILY RACE—OR THE AFGHAN PULL—HEE HEE!



OH, YEAH? WELL, LOOK HERE, MINEFIELD, THERE ARE CONTESTS YOU CAN ENTER—BOXING, WRESTLING, SPRINTING...



I USED TO BELONG TO A WESTERN SPRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY. I CAN DO THE TWENTY YARD LITHOGRAPH IN SEVEN DAYS FLAT.



HEY, GILLY!

I'LL ENTER THE BOXING CONTEST AS A BOXER I'M A CRATE MAN! HYUK, HYUK, HYUK!



DIS COWBOY SHOOTIN' HIS MOUTH OFF ABOUT BOXIN' IS GETTIN' ME CORK!



YER SO TUFF—PUT UP YA DUKES!



WOBASH YA NOSH IN,
YA BIGIOSHLUMX!



YOUSE CAN'T CALL ME DAT,
YOUSE BUM, YEZ!



CRACK



OUCH-OUCH-OUCH!

YOUSE BROKE
ME MITT
WIT' DAT
STONE HEAD
O' YOURN,
YOU BEASK!



BLAM!



OKAY! I GIVES UP—I GIVES
UP, DOC! YOUSE GOT A
PUNCH LIKE A
YELLFINK!



LOOK, PAL, I GOT A
PROPOSITION FOR YOU..
SUPPOSE YOU ENTER
TH' BOXING
CONTEST AT
TH' FAIR!



CHEE, CHUM, WHY DONCHA
ENTER IT YERSELF—YOUSE
IS A CHAMPEEN.



CHEE, DIS SEEGAR
DON'T DRAW ATALL—
I CAN'T LIGHT
IT!



MAYBE IT'S
BECAUSE YOUR
HEAD ISN'T
OUT.



YA SEE, YOUSE
ARE A CHAMPEEN
ALL RIGHT—YOUSE
GOT A BRAIN,
YOUSE T'INKS.

YES, BUT YOU SEE, I'VE GOT SUCH
A TERRIFFIC PUNCH, I'M AFRAID OF
KILLING SOMEBODY.



BUT IF YOU ENTER-
POUSH OFF ALL THE
COMPETITION—THEN
I CHALLENGE YOU!
WE SPLIT AFTERWARDS!



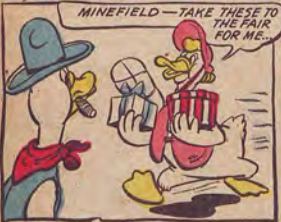
SURE, I GET IT...
YOUSE TAKES IT
EASY ON ME—I
FAKES BEIN' KNOCKED
OUT! WERE
PARTNERS!



CERTAINLY IT'S SIMPLE! OOP—
HERE COMES MY SISTER! NOT
A WORD NOW—SHE'S CILLY.



MINEFIELD—TAKE THESE TO
THE FAIR FOR ME...



ENTER EVERYTHING IN THE
CONTESTS I MENTIONED.
I HAVEN'T TIME.



WE CAN MAKE OUR
ENTRIES FOR THE
BOXING CONTEST
AT THE SAME
TIME.



MAKE YOUR
ENTRIES
HERE

THERE—THAT'S THE
LAST OF THEM.



MANUFACTURING
DEVICES

SAY! YOUR FRIEND
IS FOOLING AROUND
THE SUCTION
MIXER... IT HAS
97,632 HORSE-
POWER AND IF
HE STARTS IT—



IT WILL SUCK IN EVERYTHING IN THE
ROOM AND MIX IT—



PUFF PUFF
CHUG
CHUG



AND PUMP IT OUT ALL
WRAPPED UP AND
READY FOR DELIVERY.





Albert AND Pogo

POGO, AH IS A TIRED MAN...
JES' ROW ME OVAH TO
DE SHO'. AH B'LEEV' AH
GONNA REST UP.

YOU TIRED?
F'UM WHUT?

NATCHERAL AH GIT
TIRED WATCHIN' YOU
ROW DISH YERE SCOW
ROUND DE SWAMP.

MAN, YOUR MIND EITHER
ON ONE SIDE OR D'OTHER.
YOU EITHER FINKIN' OF
YOUR STOMACH OR
DREAMIN' ON YOU BACK.

AH, DE CAT-
FISHES ISN'T
BITIN' ANY-
WAYS, POGO.
COME ON
AND NAP
A SPELL.

AH GONE ROW DOWN DE
SWAMP A WAYS AN' VISIT
MA COUSIN DE BULLFROG...
HE GOT A MISERY IN HE'S
LI'L TOE.

HALP-HALP!
SAVE US SWEET
OL' FOLKS FUM
A FEARFUL
DEATH!

WHERE IS YOU AT? AH READY
TO OBLIGE YALL BY SAVIN'
YOU LIVES, BUT A CAIN'T
SEE YALL.


US HERE,
DROWNIN'
AWAY FIT
TO KILL-
PO' US-
NOBODY
KEER!

WHOA IS ME! DE
SWAMP VOICES
IS GOT ME - AH
IS BEIN' HAUNTED
BY DE GHOSTS OF
DROWNED FOLKS!


OH, SWAMP GHOSTS, AH
HEARS YOU BUT CAN'T
SEE YOU - IF YOU DOAN'
HURT ME NONE AH DO
ANYFIN' YOU SAY!

STOP DE JAWIN' AN' CHUCK
US SUMPIN' TO FLOAT
ROUN' ON... DEN YOU
KIN SEE US FOLKS.

AH'S
CHUCKIN'
BUT AH AIN'T
LOOKIN'!




DAT SOUN' LIKE POGO—YOU SPECK HE LITTLE BIT TETCHED? HE CAIN'T SEE US LI'L MICES DROWNIN' AN HE FINK WE IS GHOSTES.



DERE HE GO—POLIN' AWAY LIKE MAD... JES' WHEN WE GONE ASK HIM WHERE A PASSEL O' HOMELESS LI'L MICE KIN LIVE!


US HEADIN' FO SHO'!




LOOKY DERE—A HOLLER LOG—BIG AS LIFE AN' TWICE AS UGLY!




BOYS, WE GOT A PLACE TO LIVE...NUFFIN' LIKE HAVIN' A PLACE TO LIVE IN, I ALLUS SAY!




YASSUH, DISH IS A COZY OL' HOLLER LOG, ALL RIGHT!



HERE AH COME... PERTY SOON US SNUG AS BUGS IN DISH YERE OL' LOG!




MMMPH! SEEM AH HEAR VOICES... WHO COULD IT BE?



MA SAKES—AH STILL HEARIN' DEM VOICES... MAYBE AH IS GITTIN' BLIND—CAIN'T SEE NOBODY!

IT DARK!

SOMEBODY IS SQUOZIN' DOWN ON US!



WHO DERE?



WHO WHERE? CUT OUT DAT TWISTIN' AN' TURNIN'!

WHERE YOU HIDIN', YOU MIZZABLE SKUNKS?

STOP DAT!

GO WAY!

AH GONE FIND YOU IF IT TAKE ALL DAY!



COUSIN BULLFROG, AH IS JES' EXCAPED WIF MA LIFE FUM A PASSEL OF SWAMP GHOSTS!

WHY, COUSIN POGO, WE ISN'T HAD GHOSTS IN DE SWAMP FO' NIGH ONTO THUTTY YEAR!



SO-YOU DOESN'T B'LEVE ME! YOU OWN FLESH AN' BLOOD COUSIN?

MAN, YOU GOTTA SHOW ME. AH'S A MISSOURI MAN AT HEART.



DAT JES' DE TROUBLE, YOU CAIN'T NOT SEE DESE GHOSTS! HOO, HOO, HOO!



WHUFFFO DE DEE-RISIVE LAUGHTER?

POGO, YOU KNOWS DE GOVMINT KILL OFF ALL DE GHOSTS WHEN DEY SPRAY DE SWAMP WIF OIL FO' DE SKEETERS.



AH WILL PADDLE US BACK WHERE AH HEARS DE MYSTERIOUS VOICES! AH SHOWS YOU!

AH GO 'LONG BUT JES' FO' DE RIDE... DE BREEZE IS REFRESHIN'!



AH WAIT HERE AN' WHEN DEM INVISIBLE VOICES SHOW DEYSELFS AH WILL POP OUT AT 'EM AN' WHOP 'EM GOOD!

KEEP YO' EARS PEELED!

AH HEARS NUFFIN WIF A CAPITAL NUFF!



DERE! DERE IS PROOF— INTO SHO' ON AN TRACKS LEADIN' FUM DE WATER AIDGE!

US GOTTA FOLLY DE TRACKS.



IF YOU IS SO BRAVE WHY DONCHOO LEAD DE WAY?

DON'T FO'GIT MA SORE TOE!



MAN, MAN! IF AH SEES ANYTHIN' INVISIBLE AH WILL JES' ABOUT DAT AH GOTTA SEE! YOU SEEIN' SUMPIN' INVISIBLE!



AH HEARS SUMPIN' COMIN' AN' TALKIN'!



WHOOOSH

GOTCHA!

HALP! HALP! WE IS GOT! WE IS GOT! AH CAIN'T LOOK AT DE HORRIBLE AN' INVISIBLE FIENDS! HALP! HALP!



LEGGO ME, YOU OVERGROWNED LIZARD—AN'LL POP YOU ONE!

WHUT ALL DE RUCKUS?

WHO HOLLERIN'?

DE LOG ROLLIN' ROUN' AGAIN!

AH BEG YOU PARDON, MISTAH FRAWG, BUT AH WAS POPPIN' AFTAH SOME INVISIBLE VOICES.



MAN, DAT WHUT US LOOKIN' FO' TOO!

HEY—SNAP OUT OF IT, POGO! AH GONE HELP YOU LOOK FO' DE INVISIBLE VOICES.



HALP! HALP!



YEW! YOU IS EVEN MO' HORRIBLE DAN AH IMAGINED!

WHY, YOU LI'L DAWG! DISH YERE'S ME, ALBERT!



TAKE IT EASY, YEH AN' AH POGO. LONG BOAT YERE HAS BEEN HEARIN' VOICES TOO... MEBBE DE SWAMP IS HAUNTED!



YOU HEAR ANYFING?

WHUT'S GOIN' ON?



ALBERT, DE VOICES COME FUM INSIDE YOU!

IT DID?



COME OUT OF DERE!

WE SEEN DIS PLACE FUST—WE STAYIN'!

AH WILL WHOP YOU!



PSST—AH B'LEEVE ALBERT'S HAUNTED!

LOOK DAT WAY!



LET'S US NOT HANG AROUND CLUTTERIN' UP DE ISSUE...

AH HEARS YOU TALKIN'!



CUT DAT OUT!

HEY!



HEE, HEE—DAT TICKLES! SAY, WHERE YOU GONE, POGO?



WE LEVIN' DE PREMISES, YOU IS HAUNTED, ALBERT!

AH IS?



FACT IS—MEBBE AH
LEAVE YO' BOYS DOWN
HERE... DO YOU GOOD!



BY JINGY,
WE AIN'T
GONE DO
YOU NO
GOOD, IF
YOU LEAVES
US!

MISTUH RAKETY-COON,
DON'T YOU HAVE NO MO'
ROPE DAN DISH YERE
LI'L BITTY
PIECE?



DAT'S DE
ONLIEST ROPE
AH GOT.

YO' REALIZE DAT MEANS
POGO AN' DE FROG-BOY
GOTTA STAY IN MA STOM-
ACH... US CAIN'T PULL



VIM HIM OUT.
MEBBE DEY
WILL DISSOLVE.

YO' TAIL, PLUS DE
ROPE SHOULD
REACH DEM BOYS.

WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?

H'LO, PORKYPINE!
WE PULLIN' POGO
AN' DE FROG
OUTEN ALBERT.



US
WILL..

OKAY—
NOW
PULL
HARD!

AH IS
GOT A
HOLT.



SWISH



GEE, DAT WAS QUICK—
BUT YO' BOYS ALL
PULLED YOSELVES
OUTEN SIGHT!



DAT'S CAUSE POGO'
PULL US **INSIDE!**



MA SAKES,
DID YO'
HAFTA
GIT A OL'
PORKYPINE
TO HELP
OUT?

EV'YBODY GROSP HOLT
OF DE BRANCH—AN'
KEEP DAT PORKYPINE
QUIET—HE **HOT!**



NEXT TIME AH SLEEPS AH
GONE PUT A WINDER
SCREEN IN MA
MOUTH.

JES' SO WE
DON' LAND ON
DE PORKYPINE
AH IS SATISFIED.



YEAH,
COME ON,
PORKY—MUSH
OVER A LITTLE
YOU IN A BAD
POSITION
FO' ME.

DAT DE LAST TIME
AH HELP OUT
ALBERT BY
HELPIN' OUT
ANYBODY
OUT OF
ALBERT.



BLACKIE

COPYRIGHT 1945 - FAMOUS STUDIOS

HMM... I SEE THE SCHOOL BOARD NEEDS A TRUANT OFFICER!

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU KIDS STUDYIN'--- YOU KNOW THE SCHOOL BOARD NEEDS A NEW TRUANT OFFICER!

AW, WE KNOW--- BUT WE'RE NOT STUDYIN'--- THESE ARE ADVENTURE STORIES AN' COMIC BOOKS

OH YEAH? WELL YOU KIDS BETTER GET TO SCHOOL TODAY OR THE TRUANT OFFICER WILL GET YOU!

HAW HAW HAW!

HOW CAN THE TRUANT OFFICER GET US IF THERE ISN'T ONE!

THAT SETTLES IT--- I'LL TAKE THAT JOB MYSELF--- I'LL SHOW THOSE SMART KIDS!

HMM-- THERE'S THE WOLF ON HIS PORCH--- GUESS HE'S COOKIN' UP NEW IDEAS ON HOW TO COOK MY BROTHERS--

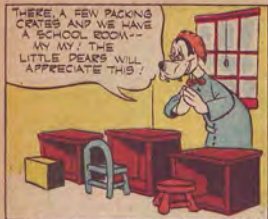
WELL WELL-- BLACKIE'S GOIN' DOWN TOWN-- THAT MEANS THE DOPEY BROTHERS ARE ALONE!

AND WHEN THEY'RE ALONE THEY COULD BE DELICIOUS-- NOW LET ME SEE--- SOMETHING IN THE PAPER CAUGHT MY EYE!

AW, WERE IT IS, TRUANT OFFICER WANTED!

HOT DOG, THIS PLAN IS FOOL PROOF AND WITH A SMART GUY LIKE ME IN CHARGE IT'LL BE A CINCH!

CHEE, WITH A ATTRACTIVE GUY LIKE ME FOR TRUANT OFFICER THE SCHOOLS WOULD BE BUSTIN' WITH KIDS!



NOW JUST LET US SUPPOSE THAT A HUNGRY WOLF SAW THREE LITTLE LAMBS?



-- AND HE WANTED TO FIT THEM ALL INTO THIS POT-- NOW HOW WOULD HE FIND OUT IF THEY WOULD ALL FIT?



FIRST HE MEASURES THE DIAMETER OF THE OPENING, THEN HE MULTIPLIES BY PI AND GETS THE CIRCUMFERENCE-- THE NEXT STEP IS TO DETERMINE THE GROSS--



RANK HERESY!



HE CEAMS 'EM ALL IN AN' MAKES 'EM FIT!



MAYBE THIS IS A PRACTICAL SOLUTION, BUT ISN'T IT JUST A LITTLE RUDIMENTARY?



NOW OUR NEXT PROBLEM IS IN ECONOMICS-- LET'S SAY THERE'S A CONSUMER WITH THREE THINGS TO CONSUME!



JUST THREE, MIND YOU-- NOW THE CONSUMER IS, SAY, A GENTLEMAN NAMED WOLF, AND HE EATS TWO OF THE SAID ITEMS--- HOW MANY LEFT?



NO! HAW HAW!-- IF TWO DISAPPEARED, THEN TWO LEFT! RIGHT?



NOW, OF COURSE THAT WAS A JOKE!
A VERY LIBERAL DEFINITION.



I'LL SAY IT'S LIBERAL! IF I WERE EATING LAMBS THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY LEFT!





HOW DO YOU LIKE TO BE COOKED?



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GET FRIED! I'LL BE FRIED POTATOES.

LET'S BE ROAST BEEF.

I'D LIKE TO BE A DELICIOUS POT OF CHICKEN FRICASSÉE.



AW COME ON, YOU CHAPS--- YOU'VE GOTTA BE SOMETHING MADE OF LAMBS!



NOW LOOK MATES-- LET'S BE REASONABLE-- WHY DON'T YOU BE SHASHLIK OR SHEESH-KA BOB OR A NICE LAMB STEW?



NOTHIN' DOIN'! EITHER WE'VE HAM AN' EGGS OR NOTHIN'!

BESIDES, WHERE'S YOUR RATION POINTS?



THAT'S RIGHT-- DIG OUT THOSE RATION POINTS OR WE'LL HAVE THE O.R.A. CLAP YOU INTO JAIL FOR THE NEXT 450 YEARS!



MEANWHILE, BLACKIE IS APPLYING FOR THE REAL JOB OF TRUANT OFFICER.

OH YES, TRUANT OFFICER!

HULLO, MR. GROVE! YOU'RE HEAD OF THE SCHOOL BOARD, AND I'D LIKE TO GET THAT JOB!



WELL, WE CAN REALLY USE YOU-- I WAS JUST FILLING THE INK WELL-- HAVE A LITTLE?

SURE-- DON'T MIND IF I DO!



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT-- IT'S RASP. BERRY!

IT'S VERY TASTY! I ALWAYS DRINK PINK INK!



ALRIGHT! NOW WE HAVE A LITTLE TEST FOR YOU AS A TRUANT OFFICER-- I'LL POSE AS A SCHOOLBOY!

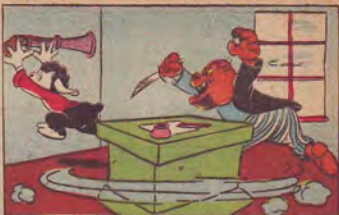


I'M FISHING WHEN I SHOULD BE IN SCHOOL-- NOW WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

WELL, I'D SAY, 'HELLO, LITTLE BOY.'



WHAT?!



HAI! THE CLOSEST HE EVER GOT TO EDUCATION WAS THE TIME HE ATE RED RIDING HOOD'S GRAMMAR!





HECTOR

The HENPECKED ROOSTER

COPYRIGHT 1968, BY EDWARDS

GOSH, HEG, WHAT'RE YA WORKIN' SO HARD FOR?



I'M GOIN' TO ASK MY WIFE IF I CAN GO OUT TONIGHT.



WELL, YOU'LL GO OUT ALL RIGHT—LIKE A LIGHT—WHEN YOU ASK HER... SHE'LL PROBABLY LOCK YOU IN THE ICE BOX AGAIN.



I'LL CHANCE IT—**SAY!** YOU MUST HAVE A BITE!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE SHOULD BE SOMETHING IN THIS BUCKET.

MAYBE IT'S A SALMON!



OH, BOT NO! MEESUS HANPACK—POOT LASS OOMPAH EEN EET!

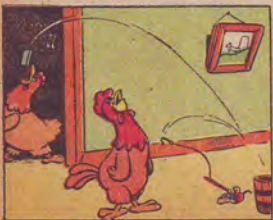
AEIOU!



VERY WELL, PROFESSOR QUACKENBUTCH, I'LL DO THE NEXT EXERCISE VERY MINESTRON!



AW—JUST THE SOAP!



OOB-GLOOK! YEUGLIAWO!



THERE—YOU HAVE HEEM NOW! YOU EEMPROVE TAN HONDERD PER CANT!





HOUGH! GUB!
MUMPHLE-WLPXY!

NUTS!



BY GOLLIES, I KNOW SHE
EES CRAZY 'BOUT MOOSICK,
BOT NOT THAT CRAZY!



BLOOB-HEGDAR!
HEGDAR!
BLOP
GOORP!



SWOOSH!

HOT DOG! YOU
SHOULD DO THIS
MORE OFTEN!



GEE, I COULD THROW MY OLD
SOXYS IN THERE AND SAVE
MYSELF A LOT OF WORK.

YOU CAN
ALWAYS
TELL A
FOAM
GIRL.



IT JUST GOES TO
SHOW YOU, SHE
NEEDS TO CLIMB
A LATHER TO
REACH THOSE
TOP NOTES.



GEE HERMAN,
WHAT WILL
I DO?

IT'S A
GOLDEN
OPPORTUNITY—
GO GET AN AXE
AND KNOCK THE
HEAD OFF THAT
GLASS OF BEER



BUT SHE'S LIABLE
TO DROWN OR
SOMETHING—I THINK
SHE'S POISONED!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
AN ANTIDOTE!



THIS BOOK SAYS A GOOD CURE
FOR POISONING IS TO SWALLOW A
DOZEN EGGS OR A PAIL OF
SOAPY WATER.

I BETTER
USE THE PAIL.. SHE WOULDN'T
TAKE A DOZEN EGGS AT 60
CENTS A DOZEN TO
SAVE HER LIFE.



WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
SOAP YOU
CAUGHT?

PROBABLY THROWN
BACK BY THE
GAME WARDEN
FOR BEING TOO
SMALL.



MY SAKES—THAT
WAS TERRIBLE!
I WONDER IF
HECTOR HAD A
HAND IN THAT?









MATILDA AND THE FOX

(Continued from inside front cover)

"I'll find a cool place in the woods and take a nap," she decided. "The sun is too hot here. And I haven't seen any fox yet—heh, heh!"

Beyond the bushes the pine trees grew tall and close together. Their needles made a soft carpet under Matilda's feet. But the dim, shadowy light there frightened her a little. It made Caesar's story of the wicked fox seem more real.

"I—I think I'll take my nap under the bushes," she murmured, turning back.

"Oh, no, you won't!" exclaimed a snarling voice behind her. "You'll take your nap in my stomach, my fat little hen!"

Over her shoulder Matilda glimpsed the furry ears and gleaming teeth of the fox, as he jumped at her. She flew for the bushes.

"Caesar!" she screamed. "Help! Help!"

At the edge of the field, the fox caught her. His sharp teeth seized Matilda's wing. But Caesar, the big, red rooster, was racing to the rescue.

The fox growled at him . . .

WHACK—Caesar's strong wing hit the brute's ear. R-R-RIP—Caesar's big spurs dug two long scratches down his nose.

The fox yelped. He dropped Matilda and streaked away like a red-brown shadow.

"Do you believe in foxes now?" Caesar asked, with gentle sarcasm.

"Yes, Caesar," Matilda clucked, smoothing out her rumpled feathers. "And, what's more important, I believe in YOU!"



elephunnies

